THE GEOMETRY OF US

A Study in Solitude and Connection

PART I: THE ARCHITECTURE OF SOLITUDE

1. The Keeper of the Keys

I was the curator of a silent museum,
dusting the statues of who I thought I was.
I knew the floorboards that creaked,
the exact angle where the sun
hit the kitchen table at 4:00 PM,
turning the wood into gold.

There is a safety in being a closed loop,
a circuit that runs only to itself.
My name was a stone I carried in my pocket,
smooth, heavy, and exclusively mine.

I did not know I was lonely;
I only knew I was complete,
like a room with no doors,
perfectly preserved in amber light.

To love oneself is a quiet geography.
It is mapping the jagged coastlines of your own mind
and deciding that the storms are necessary,
that the shipwrecks are beautiful
because they are *yours*.

2. Cartography of the Mirror

Before you, the mirror was a flat fact.
It reported the gray in the eye,
the scar on the chin,
the gravity of the morning.

I looked at myself and saw a tenant.
Someone paying rent in the body,
keeping the lights on,
watering the plants.
I was a distinct entity,
separated from the world by skin and silence.

Selfhood is a high wall.
It is the definition of where the air ends
and the bone begins.
I walked the perimeter daily,
checking for cracks,
mortar in hand,
terrified that something might get out,
or worse,
that something might get in.

3. Static

The radio in my head played one station.
My worries. My ambitions. My dinner plans.
A monologue written in permanent ink.
I loved the silence of the apartment,
the way a book stayed exactly where I left it,
the way the oxygen belonged only to my lungs.

This is the selfishness of the solitary:
the greed for one's own rhythm.
To wake up and know the day is a blank canvas
that no one else is allowed to paint on.
I was the artist and the critic,
and the gallery was empty.

PART II: THE COLLISION

4. The Intruder

You did not knock.
Love is rarely polite enough to knock.
You were a sudden draft in a sealed room,
a candle flickering when there was no wind.

I looked up from my map
and saw you standing on the borders,
ignoring the fences I had built.
You brought your own weather.
You brought a chaotic humidity
that curled the pages of my carefully kept books.

"Who are you?" I asked.
"I am the other half of the conversation," you said.

And suddenly, the monologue ended.
The silence was no longer empty;
it was waiting.

5. Double Vision

This is the terrifying math of affection:
1 + 1 does not equal 2.
It equals a new, terrifying 1.

I started seeing the world through a fractured lens.
I saw a sunset and wondered if you saw it too.
I ate a peach and wondered if you would like the sweetness.
My selfhood began to leak.
It dripped out of my fingertips,
reaching for a hand that wasn't mine.

It is an invasion.
Let us be honest—love is a beautiful violence.
It demands you surrender the keys to the museum.
It demands you let someone else touch the statues,
even the fragile ones,
even the ones you glued back together in the dark.

6. Orbit

I realized I was no longer the sun.
I was a planet, caught in a gravitational pull
I did not authorize.
I watched you move across the room
and felt the tides in my blood shift.

Is this what it means to be human?
To be tethered?
To feel a phantom limb when the other person leaves the

house?
I resented it.
I craved it.
I wanted my autonomy back,
but I wanted your hands on my waist more.

The war between *I* and *We* began
in the trenches of the breakfast table,
fighting over who would make the coffee,
fighting over who belonged to whom.

PART III: EROSION AND ENTANGLEMENT

7. The Great Dilution

There is a fear that keeps me up at night:
that I am dissolving like sugar in hot tea.
That if I love you too much,
I will sweeten your life
but disappear entirely in the process.

I look in the mirror now
and I see your expressions on my face.
I use your phrases.
I laugh with your cadence.
Where is the line?
Where is the border guard?

I tried to find the old me,
the one who liked the apartment silent,
but he is gone.
He has been renovated.
The walls have been knocked down

to make an open concept living space
where you are always cooking something that smells like home.

8. Heavy Water

To carry another person's happiness
is a terrible weight.
It is heavier than stone, heavier than gold.
If you are sad, my day collapses.
If you are hurt, I bleed without a wound.

This is the loss of selfhood I warned myself about.
My nervous system has extended its wires
into your chest.
When your heart skips, mine stutters.
I am not a closed loop anymore.
I am a live wire,
sparking on the wet pavement of your moods.

Is this love? Or is this parasitism?
Or is it simply osmosis—
the inevitable equalization of two souls
pressed too closely together?

9. The Argument

We stood in the kitchen,
voices raised like flags of warring nations.
You wanted one thing.
I wanted another.
And for a moment, I saw you not as my lover,
but as the Enemy of my Self.

You were the obstacle to my will.
You were the thing standing between me
and my absolute freedom.
I hated you for a second.
And in that hate, I found myself again.
I remembered that I am sharp.
I remembered that I have edges.

Love is not a constant merger.
It is a breathing thing.
Inhale: we are one.
Exhale: we are two.
We must exhale, or we will suffocate.

10. The Night Watch

Sleeping beside you is a discipline.
The heat of your body is a furnace,
and I am trying not to melt.
I turn my back to you,
curling into a question mark,
guarding the small nugget of my dreams.

In the dark, I reclaim my name.
I whisper it into the pillow.
I am. I am. I am.
And then you shift in your sleep,
your hand falls across my hip,
heavy and unthinking,
anchoring me to the mattress,
to the earth,
to this life.

And I surrender.
We are.

PART IV: RECONSTRUCTION

11. Two Trees

I went for a walk in the forest of my mind
and found a clearing.
I realized that love is not a vine
that strangles the oak.
Love is the second tree planting itself nearby.

We do not touch above ground.
My branches are mine; I reach for my own patch of sun.
Your branches are yours; you shelter your own birds.
But underground,
in the dark, damp earth of existence,
our roots are so tangled
you could not pull us apart
without killing us both.

We stand separate.
We stand together.
The paradox is the point.

12. The New Architecture

I am rebuilding the house.
It is not the fortress it used to be.
There are windows now, floor-to-ceiling glass.
There are doors that stay unlocked.

I have kept a room for myself.
A small studio with a lock.
I go there to write, to think, to be the old me.
But I leave the door ajar.
I like the sound of you in the other room.
I like the noise of your life humming against mine.

Selfhood is not isolation.
Selfhood is having a center strong enough
to hold onto
while you spin in someone else's gravity.

13. Mirror, Restored

I look in the glass again.
I see the gray. I see the scar.
But I see something else, too.
I see a witness.

I am no longer documenting my life
for an empty archive.
I am living it to tell you about it over dinner.
"Guess what I saw today?"
My experiences are doubled in value
because they can be shared.

I have not lost myself.
I have expanded.
I am a larger country now,
with more complex trade routes,
and you are the visiting dignitary
who decided to stay and apply for citizenship.

14. The Venn Diagram

There is the circle of You.
There is the circle of Me.
And there is the almond-shaped sliver in the middle,
the holy ground of Us.

I used to think the goal was to make the circles overlap entirely,
to become a single eclipse.
But that is death.
That is the sun eating the moon.

Now I protect the edges.
I encourage your hobbies that I do not understand.
I send you away on trips so I can miss you.
I cultivate my own garden so I have flowers to bring you.
The space between us
is what allows the spark to jump.

15. The Final Geometry

We are parallel lines
that bent the rules of geometry
to intersect.
We are two distinct solitudes
that protect and touch and greet each other.

I love you not because you are me,
but because you are *not* me.
Because you are the vast, terrifying Other
who chose to sit by my fire.

I am myself.
You are yourself.
And in the space between our hands,

held gently, without crushing,
lives the third thing.
The thing we made.
The love that is both glass and bone,
fragile and structural,
transparent and enduring.

This is the geometry of us.
Calculated,
improbable,
and infinite.